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THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR. | HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903. | NUMBER 30.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

$1.00 PER YEAR, Always in Advance.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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PRACTICAL
BLACKSMITHS
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Buggy building and wagon making are our specialties. Your patronage is respectfully solicited and will be duly appreciated. Respectfully, &c.,
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REPRESENTING
GUGGENHEIMER & CO.,(Inc.)
Leading Dry Goods & Notions Jobbers
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I will be on the road immediately with full line of sample Dry Goods, Notions, White Goods, Pants, Overalls and Men's Furnishings, and request the trade to inspect my line before placing their orders. (45-1y)

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Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help
but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWITT & Co., Chicago
The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

CONDENSED STATEMENT
—o of o—
Bank of West Liberty
WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Showing condition at the close of business December 31st, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	$34,860.33
Overdrafts Secured.....	5.24
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,332.75
House and Lot.....	1,456.60
Due from Banks.....	34,560.99
Cash.....	5,742 51
	$77,878.42

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....	$14,500.00
Surplus.....	500.00
Undivided Profits.....	11.53
Deposits, subject to check, on which interest is not paid...	62,816 89
	$77,878.42

☞Expenses and 3 per cent dividend were paid out of last six months' earnings.
W. D. ARCHIBALD, Cashier.

S. W. CECIL, T. J. WELLS, S. R. COMER, } Correct Attest.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by W. D. Archibald, Jan. 2nd, 1903.
J. R. KENDALL,
15jan3m Notary Public.

OIL!
The Hazel Green Oil and Gas Co.,
(INCORPORATED)
Is now ready to do business. Home office Hazel Green, Ky.

More than 7500 acres of most desirable lands.

☞A definite amount of the capital stock has been set apart for sale for development purposes. All stock full paid and non-assessable.

For particulars call on the president, John M. Rose, or the secretary, Wm. H. Cord.

GAS

The Winchester Bank,
WINCHESTER, KY.
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
E. D. HUNTER, Cashier.
Paid Up Capital $100,000.00.
Surplus, : : : : $20,000.00.
Handsome Deposits of $104,216.48.

This bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. 10oct-2ly

W. T. CASKEY,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce,

HAS NOW ON HAND A LARGE and well selected stock of
Dry Goods & Notions,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
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READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HATS AND CAPS,
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DRUGS, OILS, &c., &c.

☞In fact, everything usually kept in a first-class general store. Call and examine his stock and hear his prices. He will treat you nicely.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. : : : : Editor.

THE counties of Jefferson and Carroll have each, through their fiscal courts, appropriated a sum of money to the fund for a building and exhibit of Kentucky's resources at the World's Fair at St. Louis next year. The former donated $3,000 and the latter $2 0. Every county is expected to make an appropriation, and although the mountain counties are less able to do so than those of more favored localities, they would undoubtedly benefit to a greater extent than their wealthier sisters. Our wealth is underground mainly, and the greater display we can make of these hidden resources the sooner will we get them developed and make them a source of revenue. The magistrates of Wolfe county should look at the matter in this light and make an appropriation adequate to the occasion. A liberal appropriation in this instance would be like casting bread upon the waters—corn bread, if you please, which would come back as pound cake. A proper display next year followed by prompt development would soon enrich our citizens, and an appropriation is the thing needed to hasten it.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. W. Watkins, of Pleasant City, O. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound and well. Everybody ought to know it's the only cure for coughs, colds and all lung diseases. 50c. and $1.00 bottle is guaranteed by J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists. Trial bottles free.

From Our Own Special Correspondent]

WASHINGTON CITY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2.

Editor HERALD: The proceedings in congress the past week have been devoid of any special interest. The statehood bill continues to occupy the attention of the senate, and in the house private claims have been the order.

A new phase of the statehood omnibus bill is that Senator Quay has offered the bill as an amendment to two of the most important appropriation measures—the sundry civil bill and the agricultural appropriation bill. These amendments, at the request of Senator Quay, were referred to an obscure committee, of which he is the chairman, and which has not met in two years. Favorable reports have been received from this committee, which precludes the possibility of their going out on a point of order. There is also a precedent in the senate for such proceedure, in the matter of some Philippine legislation, which was tacked on to an appropriation bill last winter.

As is no doubt known to your readers, the Democrats in the senate are a unit for this three-headed bill, influenced largely in this sentiment by the hope that two of the three proposed states (New Mexico and Arizona) will be found in the Democratic column, and from the further fact that they believe Oklahoma to be debatable ground. The Republican opponents of the bill intimate that their Republican brethren who are making the fight for the bill do so on purely personal grounds—that they have friends to reward, mining and other properties to exploit, etc., although the last two Republican national platforms have demanded the admission of these territories.

Senator Hanna, the chairman of the Republican national committee, in a warm speech in the senate, indignantly repudiated and denied that a party platform had any binding force on a United States Senator, and gave expression to the rather startling declaration that the constitution builders and framers intended the senate to be a tribunal for the defeat of the people, which was ever changing and carried away sometimes by ideals that were impractical. These are not his exact words, but the import of them was that the senate was the highest power and not the voice of the people—a very dangerous doctrine, don t you think?

When Colorado was admitted as a state Democratic votes admitted her. Senator Patterson, then a delegate from that territory, chased a rainbow, as Democrats have since done, and will no doubt continue to do, until time shall be no more, and said it was a lead-pipe cinch that Colorado would go Democratic if admitted. Patterson was as false a prophet as James K. Jones, the official rainbow-chaser of the Democratic party. Colorado was admitted and went Republican, and her three votes seated Hayes in the White House. If she had not been admitted the Democrats would have had a majority, notwithstanding the theft of Louisiana and Florida, and if she had gone Democratic, as Patterson claimed, Hayes' majority of one would have never come to pass.

This brief history is just to show that counting chickens before they hatch is rather unlucrative business, and that the Democrats might admit nine more votes to the electoral college that would go to the Republican nominee in 1904. "You can't always sometimes tell."

A brief reference to the two leaders of the opposing statehood forces may be of interest.

I will risk my reputation as a prophet that Quay either gets a vote on the statehood bill or forces an extra session, and I will also venture the prediction that it will pass if it comes to a vote.

Quay is an ideal leader—cool, self-possessed, not given to speech-making, true to his friends and possessing their confidence. He is watchful and resourceful, and never knows when he is whipped—a dangerous opponent to the last gasp. He reminds me in some respects of the late Governor Goebel, who was the same determined fighter, and a Pennsylvanian, too, by the way. It is said that a tincture of Indian blood runs in the veins of Senator Quay, and that may account for his staying qualities. As a speaker he is out of the running and is away back in the ruck. His voice is small and piping and hardly audible, and when he addresses the president of the senate he plunges both hands in his pockets and seems the most unconcerned man present. When he made his coup the other day by adding the bill as a rider to the appropriation bills no one realized what he was doing, or had done, although the watchful Mr. Beveredge was sitting within two feet of him.

Senator Beveredge, of Indiana, who is leading the anti-forces, is the youngest man, in years, in the senate. He is a tall, smooth shaven, boyish looking fellow, with a plersing oratory, and a tongue that cuts like a whiplash when he is wrought up in debate. He has a wonderful vocabulary and never hesitates for a word. He seems to be a restless man, and during the progress of the statehood debate moves about over the chamber continually. He is well posted on all the points at issue, and nothing that can bolster up his side of the argument seems to escape him. He seems to be, and is no doubt, sincere in his antagonism to the bill, and it is certain that he will leave no stone unturned to accomplish its defeat. He is pitted against the most skillful navigator of legislative waters, however, since Arthur Pue Gorman retired from the senate, and the signs point to his defeat and to three more stars in the flag. KAPPA O'KAPPA.

A Most Fatal Gift,

Would be the power of foreseeing events. This would destroy hope. A knowledge of the future would unmake happiness. There are, of course, some things about the future we do know. If, for instance, a lack of energy, ambition and loss of appetite shows itself we know it will be followed by serious complaints if not checked. Often Liver and Kidney trouble follow quickly. In any event Electric Bitters will restore you to health. It strengthens, builds up and invigerates run-down systems. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by J. T. Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists.

A telephone message from Lee City Tuesday morning stated that Charley Robbins was taken suddenly ill that morning, and that his symptoms indicated small-pox. Why, of course. Everything now "indicates small-pox." If a boy stubs his toe or has the belly-ache it indicates small-pox.

Don't

Think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and debility.

You have it. You don't want it. Then why keep it? Drive it out with Ayer's Malaria and Ague Cure. Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by All Druggists. Price, 50 cts.

A Goliath of Gigantic Gall.

That penny-a-liner, writing to the Louisville papers from Campton about the small-pox situation at that place last week, who said: "And it is rumored that a case has developed a mile or so from Hazel Green, a small village in the eastern part of our county," has the most pronounced case of gall ever heard of. Great Scott! The idea of Campton calling Hazel Green a village. Why, in comparison we are a city of the first-class. A hamlet that has to inoculate its inhabitants with small-pox so as to be talked about, ought to saw wood and say nothing.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.



What to Do.

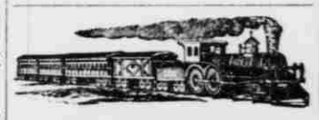
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghampton, N. Y., on every bottle.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect October 19, 1902.

EAST BOUND.

No. 2, Daily ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 4. Daily, ex. Sunday.
P.M. Lve.				A.M. Lve
2 25 pm	0	....Lexington....	0	7 45 am
3 10 pm	20	...Winchester....	20	8 25 am
3 56 pm	40	....Clay City....	40	9 13 am
4 06 pm	44	.....Stanton.....	44	9 23 am
4 35 pm	57	....Nat. Bridge...	57	9 54 am
4 49 pm	62	.....Torrent	62	10 08 am
5 11 pm	70	...Beattyv'e Jc...	70	10 29 am
6 11 pm	90	...O&K Junc'n...	90	11 26 am
6 15 pm	94	.....Jackson.....	94	11 30 am

WEST BOUND.

No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 3. Daily, ex. Sunday.
A.M. Arr.				P.M. Arr
10 10 am	0	.....Jackson.....	0	6 05 pm
9 25 am	20	...Beattyv'e Jc...	20	5 20 pm
8 37 am	40	.....Torrent	40	4 39 pm
8 28 am	44	....Nat. Bridge...	44	4 30 pm
8 01 am	57	.....Stanton	57	4 01 pm
7 47 am	62	.....Clay City....	62	3 47 pm
7 26 am	70	...L & E Junc'n...	70	3 26 pm
6 29 am	90	....Winchester...	90	2 30 pm
6 25 am	94	.....Lexington....	94	2 25 pm

O. & K. BRANCH.

EAST BOUND.

No. 33. Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 21. Daily, ex. Sunday.
3 30	0	.....Jackson	0	11 20
3 35	6	.O & K Junction.	6	11 26
4 17	11	.....Wilhurst	11	11 52
4 30	13	.....Hampton.....	13	11 58
5 10	20	.....Lee City.....	20	12 22
5 18	22	....Helechawa....	22	12 28
5 45	27	....Cannel City...	27	12 45
P.M. Arr.				P.M. Arr.

WEST BOUND.

No. 34 Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 22. Daily, ex Sunday.
9 15	9	.....Jackson.....		2 35
9 10	6	.O & K Junction.	6	2 30
8 28	11	.....Wilhurst	11	1 58
8 15	13	.....Hampton.....	13	1 52
7 35	20	.....Lee City.....	20	1 28
7 26	22	....Helechawa....	22	1 22
7 00	27	....Cannel City...	27	1 05
A M. Lve.				P M. Lve.

Nos. 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannel City and points on Ohio and Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake and Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Beattyville Junction with L. & A. for Beattyville, daily except Sunday.

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

THIS SPACE
BELONGS TO
H. F. PIERATT & CO.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Who carry a larger stock and sell goods cheaper than any other firm in town or in this section. Give them a trial and save money.



RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS
BEFORE AND AFTER USING.
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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CLOTHING
I have a nice lot of clothing which I intend to close out, and if you want a bargain in this line do not fail to call at once.
SHOES.
Also, I will sell you shoes at $1.00 that I have always sold at $1.25, and the same proportion clear through.
Remember, this is for CASH ONLY!
J. M. ROSE.
THE PEOPLES' FRIEND.

THE DAY MILLINERY
CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF
MILLINERY and NOTIONS,
LADIES' FURNISHINGS,
DRESS GOODS,
TRIMMINGS, &c.,
RIBBONS, HOSE, &c.
☞And sells everything so low that the poorest may buy.

J. TAYLOR DAY,
CARRIES IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
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Standard Groceries,
Lamps and Queensware,
Cutlery and Hardware,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.
In fact everything usually found in first-class store,
AND SELL AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY COMPETITOR. IT IS A FACT THAT IN MANY CASES WE RETAIL AT LESS THAN THEY PAY WHOLESALE, BECAUSE WE BUY IN LARGER QUANTITIES.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : KY.

For Want of Love

By LESLIE W. QUIRK.

WHEN at last the song ended John Vanders walked slowly out of the vaudeville theater. Still ringing in his ears were the notes of the great pipe organ and the voice of the singer as they blended in the grand melody. Never before to-day's matinee had he heard it sung with quite that wonderful beauty. It was "The Holy City."

The man at the ticket office nodded familiarly at him, but Vanders did not see him. He was still thinking of the song he had just heard. Outside, on the walk, a lounger was humming the catchy air of a ragtime melody. Vanders clenched his fist as he heard it. It was his latest production, already fast winning its way to popularity. He hated it with all his heart. It was not even fit to be called a song when compared with "The Holy City."

For it was Vanders' great ambition to write a song some day to which people would listen with the same reverence they gave to "The Holy City." He had written successful ragtime music, and had heard hundreds applaud it. But he longed to compose something better, nobler, grander.

As he walked up the street now, there was a half formed melody ringing in his head. If he only had words that would do justice to the air he might yet fulfill his great ambition.

"If I were living in a story," he mused, "instead of in real life, a poem with words of wonderful grandeur would spring to my brain."

And then, without warning of any kind, a sheet of paper fluttered to his feet. Mechanically he picked it up; almost unconsciously he read the writing upon it. With a dull and un-



VANDERS HELD UP THE PAPER.

comprehending knowledge that his poem had come to him at last, he stood there in the middle of the walk, reading it again and again. It was just such a thought as he wished to set to music, just—

"I beg your pardon," said a voice, "but I believe you have something of mine."

John Vanders looked up quickly. In the doorway of the house stood a girl of perhaps 20. One glance was enough to show that she was pretty. Brown hair crowned a face of singular beauty; two brown eyes—soul eyes—looked straight into his; a little mouth, half smiling, half frowning, silently commanded the return of the paper; a plump arm, with the sleeve rolled up to the elbow, was stretched out in supplication. It is no wonder, for the moment, John Vanders forgot his ambition.

"You have something of mine," the girl repeated.

Still bewildered, Vanders held up the paper. "You mean this?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the girl, with a little laugh; "give it to me."

"But I want it myself," objected Vanders, drawing back in fear lest the girl should take it from him.

"Sir!" The girl's mouth was frowning now.

Before Vanders could reply there was a step behind him and a man came up the walk to the door.

"Father," said the girl, "this gentleman has a paper belonging to me." Vanders noticed she used the word "gentleman."

The old man turned angrily. Then he held out his hand.

"Why, it's Vanders," he announced, cordially; "won't you join us at dinner?"

Without a word Vanders followed the man, a Mr. Merton, into the house, where he was introduced to the daughter, Miss Alice.

He could never remember just how he explained his conduct outside, but his apologies were readily accepted. And then came the greatest triumph of all, when the girl took the poem he had returned and handed it to him.

"If you care for it, Mr. Vanders," she said, "you may have it. While I was writing it I wished it might be sung."

So Vanders took the poem home with him, and for a week buried himself in his room. Time after time he rewrote the music. He worked day and night unceasingly, feverishly. Bars of music, crying, sobbing, wailing, burst from the piano in his room. Grotesque strains and combinations of notes might be heard through his window, sometimes in the evening, sometimes a few minutes before daybreak.

Then one day the song was finished. For the last time he played it over on the piano, softly humming the words. Somehow it failed to satisfy him. Perhaps it was the constant practice that had made him tire of it; perhaps he had not reached his ideal.

He arranged with a noted singer to produce it at the vaudeville house the following week. Then he called on Miss Merton and invited her to attend the theater with him. She was there to hear the music for the first time.

The girl was radiant that evening. More than once John Vanders caught himself staring admiringly at her. Once she unexpectedly turned her head and looked straight at him with her great brown eyes. It made him think of some perfect chord of music, that throbbed and throbbed through his heart.

Suddenly the pipe organ began to play a new air, softly, sweetly. It was their song.

"It's ours," he told her, "yours and mine."

She looked at his face, all aglow with expectancy, and down in her heart she feared. His hand, nervously roving over the arm of his seat, touched hers and closed about it. So, hand in hand, like two children, they sat through the song. And when it was ended and the meager applause came tardily she felt the hand of the man quiver in disappointment. The song had failed.

Slowly and silently they walked out of the theater. Not till they were in the carriage did John Vanders speak.

"It lacks something," he said; "it lacks something; I don't know what."

"Yet it was almost"—she stumbled about for a word—"almost grand."

"Almost!" He turned savagely toward her. "As well an utter failure as mediocre. I tell you it failed."

The girl drew her breath sharply. She was not in the habit of having men speak roughly to her.

John Vanders divined at once that he had hurt the girl, and it came to him with overpowering suddenness that her friendship was all he had left. With the warm impulsiveness that characterized him he took her hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, gravely. "I did not mean to wound you, but the song meant so much to me."

"And to me," said the girl.

"I know," he answered; "it was half yours."

"O! I didn't mean that," she said, softly. "But I was sorry for your sake."

He leaned toward her.

"Alice," he said, "there is one thing I would rather possess than all the success the song could possibly have brought me. It is your love."

"I am glad," she whispered, "that the song failed if my love can take the place of its success."

It was well after midnight when John Vanders reached his room. On his face there was no mark of failure. Instead he was radiantly happy.

Without a second's delay he seated himself at his desk with a pile of music ruled paper before him. One note followed another in rapid succession till the first few strains were done. Then he rose and played the air on the piano. It was the music of which he had dreamed.

Daylight had flooded the room before he finished, but when at last he rose he breathed a sigh of relief. After all his work he had finally accomplished something at least self-satisfying.

They sat in the theater one evening soon afterward, both happy, both filled with hope. Once more the great pipe organ began to play. Once more, as he had done before, the man said: "Its ours, yours and mine." Then the first notes of the song welled out and the whole audience listened reverently.

When the song ended the house was a bedlam of noise. People clapped their hands, stamped their feet, whistled, cried, applauded in every conceivable manner. Again and again they encored the singer. When at last quiet reigned the man turned to the girl and repeated the words:

"It's ours, yours and mine."

"It is grand," said the girl; "it only fell short before for want of—for want of—"

"For want of love," finished the man. —Chicago Tribune.

WHERE WE WAS BORN AT.

I want some brown sugar an' bread,
An' I wanter set out on the step
An' eat it, 'n'en sneak overhead
Ter the little ol' room where we slep',
Where the roof slanted down ter the eaves
An' the winders was low ones, an' wide,
An' we seen the ol' sycamo' leaves
In the moonlight a-twistin' outside.

An I wanter go floatin' away
In my brother's embrace, yes I do!
F'm the land of the plain ev'ryday
Ter the land of sweet dreams 'at we knew;
An' dream the same dreams 'at we did,
An' b'lieve in 'em like we did then.
How I wish him an' me was a kid!
How I wish we was back ther again!

We 'ud go where the end o' the street
Got lost in the twisty ravine,
An' we'd find the old paths that our feet
Had trod in the days ever green,
An' we'd hear the goldfinch whistle shrill
By the pond where the sunfishes swum,
An' we'd gether up nuts on the hill
An' climb the ol' trees 'at we climb!

'N'en we'd git some brown sugar an' bread
An' eat it out ther on the step,
Wash our feet an' climb up overhead,
Ter the little ol' room where we slep'.
Oh, my brother, wherever you are,
Don't you wish 'at your years was forgived,
An' mine was, an' we was afar
In the place we was born at an' lived?
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Mrs. Anna M. Eister, a market woman of Lexington, Ky., has died leaving a fortune valued at $100,000, all accumulated by the sale of garden truck. She was ponderous in size, weighing 320 pounds.

He Made a Mistake.

The man who was soliciting for a charitable institution argued long and earnestly. He wanted a contribution of $100. Finally the merchant reached for his checkbook.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," quoted the solicitor with cheerful satisfaction.

"Does He?" asked the merchant, hesitating.

"You'll find it in the Bible," asserted the solicitor.

The merchant put back his checkbook.

"I was about to give you $100," he explained, "but I couldn't possibly do that cheerfully. Doubtless it would be more pleasing in the eye of the Lord if I kept down to a point where I can be cheerful."

Thereupon he handed a five-dollar bill to the solicitor and smiled pleasantly.—Chicago Post.

Bank deposits in this country amount to $8,535,053,136, or $108 per capita, an increase of 100 per cent in ten years, but the amount in savings banks, representing the money of the common people, has increased only 50 per cent.—from $1,712,769,026 to $2,597,094,580.

Corporal punishment has been abolished in the disciplinary battalions of the French army.

GENUINE OLD MAMMY

As Vigorous at 83 as Most People Are at 50.

Still Works in the Field, and as a Laundress Aunt Rachel Lay Recognizes No Superior in Old Kentucky.

To be 83 years old and the mother of 24 children is to be somewhat distinguished from other women, but when, in addition to this, one is as vigorous as most people are at 50 and can do a day's work that would tax a man, there is something of the remarkable in the case.

This is the claim that Aunt Rachel Lay, living on one of the Kentucky farms, in Mercer county, has for public attention. In her own phrase, she "came mighty near being a Christmas tree," for her eighty-third birthday was on December 25, 1902. Aunt Rachel is a genuine "befo' de wah" darky, and she has a decided contempt for the people who are so "no count" these days. She is as upright as one of the forest trees that shade the little cabin which she helped Uncle Lay to build.

There never was a richer, clearer chocolate hue than her healthy skin shows, and the only sign of age to be seen, says the Cincinnati Commercial, is the gray of her wool, which is hid, for the most part, by the bandanna, to which most mammies cling lovingly.

If anyone desires to know just how things were done before the civil war, he has only to get Aunt Rachel started, and she will make a graphic account of her own experience. She was born in Lincoln county and was taken from her mother at the age of 11, when she was hired out as a nurse girl. She had charge of two tiny lads, both of whom are dead, and after this became a house girl.

She saw two of her brothers sold, and then came the time when she herself was sold. This was according to her own decision, for the question came up of going away from her Kentucky home to a new one in Texas,



AUNT RACHEL AT WORK.

where her master and mistress were to locate, and they asked the girl if she would go. Texas seemed a long way off to the little colored girl, and she said she would not go unless one of her brothers could go. This being impossible, Rachel said she would rather be sold. She was placed on the block at Lawrenceburg, Ky. To-day she has no bitter recollection of that proceeding; indeed, she is very proud of the fact that she was sold for $1,000. She became the property of a Mr. Bell.

Here is where Rachel found life troublesome. It appears from her story that Mrs. Bell decided that Rachel should stay in every Sunday evening and let the other negroes have an outing. Aunt Rachel felt this to be unfair. The other darkies told her just to go out certain Sundays, anyway. So she began to get ready to do this one evening.

Mrs. Bell, coming into the kitchen and realizing what she was doing, commanded her to stay. "I didn't want no trouble," says Aunt Rachel, with a sly smile, "so I just said: 'Yes'm,' and went on getting ready, and after awhile I was gone."

It was the coming back that was exciting. Mrs. Bell came into the kitchen and said: "I am going to whip you." Aunt Rachel just said: "I don't want to hit no white person, but you ain't goin' to whip me." The mistress then thought it wise to have masculine interference, and said she would have her sons attend to Rachel. However, Rachel had about the same answer ready. "No'm, I don't want to hit the boys, but no white man or woman has ever laid a hand on me and I ain't a goin' to stand it. My old master said for me never to let anyone hit me, and they can't."

The end of it was that doughty Aunt Rachel was not whipped. Aunt Rachel has been married three times, and twice the courting was done while she was a slave. Her first husband belonged to another family, and the two only met at long intervals, and even after they were married they were separated for many years.

Twenty-four piccaninnies have called Aunt Rachel "mammy," but all are dead except four. None of the children are as strong as the mother, who has split rails, plowed in the fields, planted corn and cut wood. Even now she works much harder than the younger generation, taking in great washings and wringing the heavy pieces with an energetic swing of the arm and a flirt of the water as was the style in the other days. Aunt Rachel does not care for new-fangled contrivances in laundry work, just a plain washboard and hand wringer is all she needs to turn out the whitest of garments.

A Sensible Tip.

Jaggles—What's the best thing for a fellow to do when he's committed bigamy?

Waggles—Why, look out for No. 1. —Town Topics.

One of the Victims.

Jack—Many a happy marriage has been spoiled by money.

Tom—Yes, it spoiled mine. She refused me because I didn't have enough. —Tit-Bits.

REFORMS IN THE BEDROOM.

Errors Which Are Commonly Made in the Making-Up of Beds, and Other Details.

We will be a healthier and happier race when the double bed is banished. The light iron or brass bedstead, with a mattress that can be easily aired and kept clean, is the bed that ought to be generally used. The bed covering par excellence is a light-weight blanket that can be frequently washed and kept soft and white. Tucking the bedclothes tightly in is another popular error. The practice of making up a bed almost air-tight is as unhealthful as it is unclean, says Good Health.

The bed should not be placed against the wall, but should be accessible on both sides. The old fashion of placing the bed in an alcove, which cannot be ventilated so well as a large room, is considered to be an unhygienic one. An excellent reason why a bed should not be placed against the wall is that the person who sleeps at the rear of the bed is likely to have his face, during sleep, so near the wall that his breath, striking the wall, will be rebreathed again.

So large a portion of existence is necessarily spent in sleep that the location of the bed, the covering and bedding, and the furniture of the bedroom should be the subjects of consideration and thought. As it is, too often this is the last room considered. In many families a good-sized closet, with no opening into the outer air, is considered good enough for a bedroom. Not only should the bedroom be thoroughly ventilated and exposed to the rays of the sun, but the bed clothing should be taken off and hung in the air and sun for several hours before the bed is made up.

MODERN CLOTHING TOO THICK

Heavy Underwear Especially Checks Respiratory Action of the Skin and Excretion.

An evil effect of modern clothing is that by its thickness it interferes with the excreting and respiratory action of the skin. The work of excretion is thus either thrown upon other organs already overtaxed or upon some tissue which the body selects as a possible medium for elimination. Thus it is likely that catarrh is always caused by the inactivity of the skin. The matter thus left in the body through the inactivity of the skin seeks egress by means of the mucous membrane, which is merely a kind of internal skin, and thus we have catarrh, says the Healthy Home. People need protection in cold weather, but they do not need their thick clothes in their warm houses. One of the hardest things to accomplish in our changeable climate is to remove winter-weight clothes at the proper time without the usual ensuing colds and other disorders. Unless exposed to all weathers in some outdoor employment, the better way is to wear light or medium-weight undergarments and suits the year round, depending on heavy outside wraps to protect the system during outside exposure in cold or windy weather.

BITS OF FEMININITY.

Noticeable Features of the Latest Productions of the Dressmaker's Art.

Evening gowns were never more lovely, with their dainty laces mingling with fur, velvets and jewels.

The large drooping cape collars so fashionable on cloth coats are seen on many long fur coats, says the Detroit Free Press.

Facings, revers, vests and cuffs of white or cream-colored cloth still appear on many of the stylish cloth costumes designed for special wear.

Some of the French and English tailors are liping Henrietta cloth, cashmere, vigogne and the other light wool skirts with plaided silks—not the clan tartans, but patterns showing very novel and pretty color blendings.

Fur cravats are new, and so few of them are as yet worn that they have a great deal of distinction. They are merely a straight fur choker, crossing in front and held with an ornament or bunch of tails. They are flat, not round, which makes them unlike the little fur animals that were so modish about six years ago.

New Persian and oriental trimmings are very vivid in coloring and striking in workmanship. Gold embroidery, gold cord and gold applique flowers are stunning and freely used. Chenille fringes and passementeries in white, black and colors are very stylish and look well on light cloth and lace costumes.

Sweet Potato Caramels.

Boil two pounds of sweet potatoes until they can be peeled, then put them into a pan or dish, spread with a little softened butter; then a little molasses over each one; set them in the oven and cook slowly until a light brown.—Albany Argus.

Squash Muffins.

One cupful of sifted squash, one-half cupful of sugar, one cup of milk, one egg, a piece of butter as large as an egg, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, a little salt; bake in hot gem pans.—Boston Globe.

Lily Cake.

Three cupfuls of flour are required for this, two of sugar, one of milk, a half cup of butter, a teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, the whites of three eggs, and lemon flavoring to taste.—N. Y. Herald.

Discouraging.

He—I don't hear you practicing on the violin any more.

She—No, you see the heat injured it so that I can't use it.

"The heat?"

"Yes, pa threw it into the fire the other night."—Philadelphia Times.

Threw Them at Him.

"I suppose he got a divorce on the 'incompatibility of temper' dodge?"

"Not exactly. It was more the bric-a-brac and kitchen utensil dodge."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

STOLEN KISS IN COURT.

Girl Sues for Damages for Injuries Received While Trying to Evade Caresses.

The first case placed on trial at the fall term of the circuit court at Reading, Pa., was that of Jennie L. Keller, by her next friend and mother, Louise Keller, vs. Henry Borrel. The plaintiff seeks to recover damages for injuries received by Miss Keller while trying to prevent Mr. Borrel from kissing her.

Miss Keller lives with her widowed mother at Frush Valley. Mr. Borrel lives half a square away. He is a widower, some 60 years of age.

Miss Keller testified that she was 19 years old in March. On the evening



TOOK HOLD OF HER ARM.

of June 12, 1901, she was at Mary Irass', a neighbor's, when she saw Mr. Borrel, about eight o'clock. He took hold of her arm and she tore away and went home. She then went on an errand and returned home about ten o'clock with coal oil. Mr. Borrel, her mother and Maggie Raimich were sitting on the porch. Continuing, she said:

"Mr. Borrel took hold of me and said: 'Give me a kiss.' I became frightened and tried to get away from him. Then when I tore away he let me fly down from the porch. I fell on the fence and then on the ground. I didn't know anything more after that. I was unconscious. When I came to I went right off again into unconsciousness. The next day I didn't know anything. It took more than a day for me to come to. I was three months in bed. Then I was sitting up about two weeks and then got sick again. I had spasms and pains in my sides.

"Dr. Huyett attended me, and then he brought out Dr. Ementrout and Dr. Kauffman. A hospital doctor also came out. I had terrible pains, and couldn't swallow. I still get terrible pains and can hardly stand it." She said the porch had one step.

LAID TRAP FOR HENS.

Inordinate Fondness for Chickens Cost a Wolf, Which Had Been a Pet, His Life.

Jim Sturdevant, of Steam Hollow, Pa., walked into the county commissioner's office recently with a wolf's skin, claimed the bounty and told this remarkable tale:

The wolf, captured in Potter county, when a cub, had been raised in his home and was as tame as a dog. But he had one evil habit, he



JIM TELLS HIS STORY.

was fond of chickens, and would devour the farmer's poultry.

When the wolf's food was given him he would scatter it about him, and then lie down with his head on his paw, feigning sleep. Soon the hens would surround him to eat his food. Woe to the one that came within reach of his paw! She was devoured in a minute.

For this crime the wolf was condemned to die. Sturdevant fired a charge of shot at the beast, but only wounded him, and he ran to the woods. The farmer and his two men followed the animal two miles and shot him again. He crawled into a thicket, and the hunters, thinking he was dead, went home.

The next morning the wolf came to the kitchen door when the family were at breakfast, and scratched for admission. The farmer's son was delighted. He and the wolf were great friends, and together they had a happy time all day.

Sturdevant resolved to spare the wolf for the boy's sake, but the very next morning the beast set his trap for chickens and devoured two. Then he was filled with lead and the bounty claimed on his head.

Unjustly Punished.

A friend of mine returning to camp after a day's shooting, says a writer in Navy and Army, suddenly came in sight of a big she bear with two cubs following in single file, proceeding along a ridge, the forms of the three being sharply silhouetted against the sky. It was a very long shot, but he determined to try it, so drew a bead on the old she bear and fired. The result was curious. The procession stopped, the she bear scratched herself hastily then turned around, and, regarding the cub immediately behind with grave disapproval, boxed its ears soundly, and then went trundling on along the ridge, evidently under the impression that her frolicsome offspring had been up to some unusually objectionable tricks.

LONDON'S BIRD-ABOUT-TOWN.

A Widely-Known Jackdaw That Traveled Around for Years on 'Buses and Trams.

Though by no means aged as jackdaws go, the remarkable bird which has just died at the Angel, Brixton, had made a considerable reputation during nearly 11 years of its association with mankind, and the original purchase price of 18 pence which was paid by its owner, Mr. Thomas Beck, some ten years ago, was but a fraction of its value at the time of its death. Wonderful intelligence and no less surprising originality of behavior were the characteristics of Jack, who was a favorite with all in the Brixon district, though his roaming habits had made him not unfamiliar in other parts of the metropolis, says the London Telegraph.

In his very early and irresponsible youth Jack was a mischievous daw, but after his first owner, a little schoolboy, had sold him to Mr. Beck his manners became more sedate, though they never lacked variety, the consequence being that scores of well-authenticated stories are extant of the bird's feats and his remarkable intelligence and memory. His first home was a private house at Clapham, but after he became an inmate seven years ago of the Angel, at the corner of Loughborough road, he took a more extended view of life, until his exploits became of almost world-wide fame, for among those who have been to pay him a visit have been a large number of Americans and Australians, who, seeing, have coveted this sprightly bird.

Jack's first flight from home was when he sailed to the roof of a house opposite the Angel. He returned safely to the call of his master, but this excursion evidently gave him confidence, and thenceforward it was his practice to leave and return to his home whenever the spirit moved him. In his restless moods, it was his habit to alight on the tramcars and 'busses which passed the door and journey with the conductors to such places as the Elephant and Castle, Westminster, Blackfriars Bridge and Streatham. Another favorite resort of this strange bird was the police station, whence, after favoring the constables with his company for an hour or two, he would leave for home on a tramcar, like the independent citizen he was. These habits and the general friendliness he displayed toward those who treated him kindly made the jackdaw an immense favorite in the neighborhood, and the news of his sudden death brought great sorrow to his master and mistress, as well as to his many admirers. At home Jack led a very systematic life. First and foremost he was the confident and personal friend of his owner, whom he followed about the house and regarded with remarkable fidelity. An original genius, Jack scorned the roosting places of ordinary members of his species, and chose as his perch the neck of a wine bottle resting in a basket on the bar counter. Settled there at bedtime, he sleepily said: "Good-night" in his own bird language to his master, but he was the first up in the morning, and signified the same by regularly rapping at Mr. Beck's bedroom door. Having superintended his master's tubbing operations, Jack invariably hopped down to the bar, and, standing in the basin under the water top, waited until he received a refreshing shower. This was his daily bath, which he never neglected.

At the time of his death Jack was moulting, and the day before he died he took two baths, the suggestion being that he was trying to alleviate the tiresome irritation which accompanied his annual feather shedding. Whether this had anything to do with his death is not known, but the next morning Jack was found dead underneath his extemporized perch. This sharp-witted jackdaw, who was friendly with all who behaved properly toward him never forgot a foe, and would unerringly recognize and attack persons who had ill-treated him. He was a clever trickster, and a joke he sometimes enjoyed was flying off with the small change of unobservant customers. Still, he never made an enemy. Jack will be stuffed and be represented as perching on the bottle, his grasp of which he relinquished when death took him.

A FEMININE MYSTERY.

It Is a Puzzle Why Tall Women Are Melancholy and Small Ones Brisk and Cheerful.

Among the minor mysteries of life is the bewildering fact that, as a rule, the tall woman is of a melancholy disposition, while her smaller sister is of a bright, brisk and cheerful temperament. Science, so far as we know, has never addressed itself to the solution of this puzzle, and the amateur philosopher is therefore left to cudgel his brain and marvel, says the London Globe. Why length of limb should make for solemnity and melancholy, says a writer on this subject, is hard to determine; and there the matter rests. But it is not only on women that length of limb bestows the temperamet of Melpomene. Sir Don Quixote was long and lean, while his cheerful squire, munching the crust of content on Dapple, was short and fat. In India there is no brighter and cheerfuller soldier than the little Goorkha; and of late it has been recognized that a stumpy Tommy Atkins is much more vigorous and alert in person in the field than his more magnificent brother of the guards. Length of limb seems to suggest to the mind the need of a stateliness of deportment, which never troubles the consciousness of "the small and tubby." We are left to conclude that the feminine side of our nation which is rapidly becoming famous for its extreme height, will some day become as serious and gloomy as Quakers, and then we shall take our pleasures more sadly than ever.

To Be Well Spoken Of.

Uncle George—If you would have men speak well of you after you are dead, cultivate a sunny disposition and be kind and sympathetic with all.

Tom—Yes; and if you would have men speak well of you while you are alive, be rich and prosperous.—Boston Transcript.

CHARMING OLD LADY.

Mrs. Matilda Fountleroy, Head of an Ancient Family.

She Is Daughter-in-Law of Elizabeth Fountleroy, Who Refused to Marry Washington—Resides in Paducah, Ky.

Mrs. Matilda Fountleroy, who resides in Paducah, Ky., enjoys the unique distinction of being the daughter-in-law of Elizabeth Fountleroy, of Virginia, with whom George Washington was once in love.

In preference to the illustrious Father of his Country Mrs. Fountleroy married her own cousin, Joseph Fountleroy, in Frederick county, Va. She had nine children and Mrs. Fountleroy, of Paducah, is the widow of one of her youngest sons, Butler Fountleroy, who died many years ago. Mrs. Fountleroy is 82 years of age, and was 21 years younger than her husband. She is a bright, attractive lady, and takes a vivid interest in the things of the present, as well as great pride in her connection with the past.

The incident of Washington having paid court to her mother-in-law she remembers quite well as a cherished tradition in the Fountleroy family. The incident is mentioned in a history of the family. In the history copies of letters written by Washington suing for the fair lady's hand are recorded. In one of these the lover pleads that Elizabeth will alter her decision and return his love.

Many of these ardent epistles from Washington to Elizabeth were published in a newspaper article several years ago. In some of them the distinguished man descends to inditing some poetry to his lady love. A novel of colonial times, alluding to this love affair, has for one of its characters a sprightly young woman, who remarks when she saw Washington in a riding suit, equipped for the chase, that she does not blame Elizabeth Fountleroy for refusing to marry Washington, since he is not half so good-looking as her father. Judging



MRS. MATILDA FOUNTLEROY
(Daughter-in-Law of Woman Who Refused to Wed Washington.)

from pictures of the great general at that time, however, the young woman must have been very fastidious. This was some time after Washington's marriage to the Widow Custis.

Mrs. Fountleroy never saw her husband's mother, but says she has heard him speak of her as a very beautiful woman. She had blue eyes and black hair, an unusual type, which is always particularly pleasing. She lived all of her life in Frederick county, Va., when she was married, and when Washington knew her. Her sons, however, came west as civilization advanced.

Butler Fountleroy settled in Montgomery county, Tenn., ere he met and married pretty Matilda Bowman, a daughter of John Bowman, who was a revolutionary soldier. His bride was 17 and he was 38. "He asked me," said the wife, who had survived him for nearly a quarter of a century, "if I did not think that he was too old for me, and I told him," a blush stealing into her withered cheek as she recalls her courtship, "that I did not think it made any difference," and she added: "We were very happy."

Mrs. Fountleroy's family were Virginians, but she was born in Kentucky. Her early life, however, was spent in Virginia. "My father married my mother in Virginia," said Mrs. Fountleroy. "They were both natives of Frederick county, as my husband's people were. They moved to Kentucky and settled near Louisville. An older sister and I were born there. My mother died when my sister and I were quite small, and our father carried us both to our grandmothers in Virginia. I was given to my mother's mother, and my sister to my father's mother. We used to have many a childish quarrel as to whose grandmother was the nicest, ignoring the fact that each was equally related to both of us. My mother's father, Jares Williams, was a congressman for a long while, and spent most of his time in Washington. When I was ten years old and my sister was slightly older, my father married again, and took us to live in Lexington, Ky. Later we moved to Montgomery county, Tenn., where I met my husband. We came to Paducah some years after we were married.

Mrs. Fountleroy, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, has three children, two daughters and one son. She makes her home with her oldest daughter, Mrs. J. Henry Smith, of Paducah. She is just 19 years younger than her mother, and laughingly says that they were girls together. She is remarkably handsome despite her years, and is a worthy descendant of the fair Elizabeth. Mrs. Fountleroy's son, Thomas Fountleroy, lives near Paducah. He was a soldier in the civil war in the southern army.

Small Farms in Norway.

Norwegian farmers are wise, and are eager to possess farms at the earliest opportunity, instead of working for other people. There are about 120,000 farmers in Norway, and 109,000 of them own farms.

Fecundity of the Oyster.

The fecundity of the oyster is wonderful. A single female oyster in one season's spawning will produce, if she is of an average size, about 16,000,000 eggs, while a large specimen will produce 30,000,000 or 40,000,000.

N MOONSHINE LAND.

Hunting Down Illicit Distillers Is Dangerous Work.

Revenue Agents Engaged in the Pursuit Are Not Troubled by the Ubiquitous Life Insurance Agent.

WHERE there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can get a big thirst, there's where the moonshine whisky grows."

That is an aphorism which is often repeated to the internal revenue agents in Georgia and North Carolina, where the greatest number of illicit distilleries are located.

The makers of the forbidden article are cautious, suspecting not only some of their alleged friends, but even looking askance at some of the members of their own families. One of the agents who has had a number of hairbreadth escapes and who has felt the tingle and pain of the bullets of the moonshiners, says: "Wherever there is a 'worm' on the mountain top or in the gorge, there is a man with a gun in his hand; and the man behind that gun feels himself to be an unjustly hunted creature, and he will not hesitate to put a revenue agent under the ground.

"Every still is guarded by night as well as by day. The agent who imagines that he can crawl over a trail and take possession of a forbidden still under the cover of darkness may be a brave man and an energetic official, but he won't live long; and he won't capture any moonshine distilleries. I'd almost as lief try to track a lion or a tiger in a dark jungle at midnight. Those men, and their boys, all know what a risky business they are engaged in, but the fascination of it, as well as the profits, impel them to continue it. They all understand what capture and conviction mean; and they say among themselves, with utmost nonchalance, 'Dead men tell no tales.' They feel that they have a right to do as they please with their product; and if a government agent interferes and gets within the range of the gun 'it serves him right.' That is the moral philosophy of those regions, in this Christian country of ours."



A NORTH CAROLINA MOONSHINER ON GUARD.

It is cornmeal when it goes in, and it is proof liquor when it comes out. It is moonshine whisky, whether the moon shines every night or not, while it is being made. It is night work, just the same, and will always be known by its popular name, "moonshine." But what it is and how it is made nobody knows except those who have been there and become acquainted with the makers of it in their mountain fastnesses. The average moonshiner is an illiterate countryman, shrewd and suspicious of all men. He has heard of the law, but it means as much to him as the word "Art" would mean to a Hottentot. He understands the law to be something incorporeal, but inimical to all mankind. With the sword of Damocles hanging over his head, he keeps his finger constantly on the trigger.

Maj. Ralph Ballin tells a personal experience which is interesting and instructive concerning these people: "I was in North Carolina on business for the department of justice. Quite a number of people at the hotel inquired into my business, until I became indignant and curtly, but courteously, told them that my business was my own. I afterwards found out that they wanted to befriend me, wanted to warn me, because I was suspected of being an internal revenue agent. Word to that effect had been sent up into the mountains.

"I was after the accounts and conduct of a couple of officials of the department of justice. One bright moonlight night I procured a horse and rode over the mountain side to a town 12 miles distant. The liveryman and others asked me if I was not afraid, but I merely laughed at the idea of being afraid. If I had known that I was suspected of being an internal revenue agent I might have been afraid, but I had no such idea, of course. Well, as I was riding along through a dense wood, through which the moonlight and starlight faintly struggled, I experienced a sudden sensation, the like of which I hope never again to have. I saw a flash and heard the crack of a rifle about 15 feet from me on the side of the road. At the same instant I heard the ping of a bullet, and felt the sting of it across the back of my neck. Falling across the neck of my horse, Indian fashion, I stuck in the spurs and went galloping down the road never stopping until two miles or more had been covered, and I was out in the open. Not less than five or six shots were sent after me, from as many different rifles, but all of them missed me, except the first one. That ripped the skin across the back of my neck and left me scarred for life. I lost a lot of blood and was very weak when I reached the next town and had my wound dressed. The hotel keeper cheered me with the remark that he never had expected to see me alive. He then explained to me that word had been passed all around that I was an internal revenue agent, and 'the boys' had been laying for me for more than a week. When they found out their mistake, invitations came to me from all directions in the mountains to come up and visit them. I am sure they would have given me a royal time; for they are said to be as hospitable as they are hostile, in distinguishing friend from enemy."

The commissioner of internal revenue says that during the last fiscal year upwards of 1,800 illicit distilleries were discovered; more than 500 were in Georgia, and almost 500 in North Carolina. The others were distributed over the states of Virginia, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. The total seizures probably would not number more than one-third of those in actual operation. Rabun county, Georgia, is the banner district for moonshine whisky. Fully 85 per cent. of the population of that county either owns, operates, deals in or furnishes materials for the illicit stills, or consumes the product of the majority of them. Practically no man in this county can hold office of any kind without openly avowing his sympathy with the moonshiners and their business.

In the twilight depths of some foliage-screened gorge in the wildest, roughest and most picturesque scenery of the numberless high mountains of northern Georgia or central North Carolina, the moonshiner selects the site of his still. Distant from public roads or well-known trails, in parts well-nigh inaccessible to strangers, sometimes in a cave excavated for the purpose, always half a mile from his dwelling, the operator sets up his still; sometimes it is in the open air covered with a rude roof of split boards. Here, hoping for exemption from detection, or ready to fight if detected, the work is begun and carried on.

There is always an exhaustless stream of crystal pure water near by, for without it the still would be worthless. Here the copper still, usually called "the copper," 18 or 20 inches in height and of equal diameter, is connected with a coil of copper several feet in length called the "worm." Several tubs are necessary for holding the mash and catching the drippings from the worm. There is a mash stick or stirring fork, and a small narrow bottle in which to test the liquor; and these few articles comprise the whole distillery. A stone furnace is built, and over it the still is set. The worm rests in a barrel of cool, running water, with one end connected with the copper, and the outfit is ready for business.

One of the successful revenue agents says: "The cornmeal is first scalded and left to ferment; then malt is added for a second fermentation; next there is a boiling of the 'beer' for what is called 'singlings;' and finally boiling the singlings. In this final step the moonshiner produces corn whisky or proof spirits. Inasmuch as the moonshiner has no knowledge of rectification his product is pregnant with fusel oil. Moreover, the liquor is sold before it has time to age, and therefore it is not desirable for the use of people accustomed to first-class whisky, either for medicinal or other purposes. The usual price is one dollar a gallon. Two gallons are produced from one bushel of corn, which costs 75 cents. The moonshiner makes a big profit.

Nearby the village at the foot of each mountain, there is always a hollow tree or small cave in which the purchaser leaves a jug with the price of the amount of whisky desired. After several hours, the purchaser goes to the depository and finds his money gone, but the jug contains the whisky. The purchaser is always ready to swear that he does not know who made or sold him the stuff.

At the internal revenue office the older officials privately express the belief that the business will never be broken up, no matter what expense the government may incur in a vigorous prosecution of the moonshiners, nor how many agents scour the country for victims. Though the jails be filled with captured moonshiners, their sons or grandsons will be found at the old business. "Demand always creates supply," says one of the veteran agents. "It makes no difference whether it is lawful or not, so far as those people are concerned. There is a demand for moonshine whisky, and a vigorous demand, or there would be no supply. The demand will continue, and the supply will continue. Nevertheless, it is our duty to suppress the moonshiners—if we can."

SMITH D. FRY.

Phenomenal.

"He is the only true musical phenomenon I ever saw or heard."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he acknowledges that he tours the country for cash first and art second, and this isn't his farewell appearance!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



—Detroit Journal.

The Oil Trust to the Coal Trust—I've struck a pocket that you overlooked!

PITH AND POINT.

Each man thinks his match as big as the other man's torch.—Ram's Horn.

It isn't necessary to speak the truth at all times, and even lies should be given a rest between political campaigns.—Chicago Daily News.

Not at All Likely.—"She's been trying to make a fool of me." "Oh, no. She's too ambitious to attempt any such easy task as that."—Chicago Post.

What Tommy Got.—Tommy (after he has been to church for the first time) —"What did you get out of the funny silver plate, mamma? I only got a dime."—Harvard Lampoon.

Perseverance is, no doubt, an excellent quality, but it has to be judiciously used or it causes your friends to make unkind remarks about you.—Indianapolis News.

"My wife found a poker chip in my pocket and I told her it was a dyspepsia tablet." "That was clever." "Far from it! She swallowed the chip, and the doctor's bills cost me more than the jackpot."—Philadelphia Record.

A Cash Equivalent.—"I was thinking of having the ushers offer my picture for sale at, say, one dollar each," said the conceited actor. "Why not sell them at their face value?" suggested Mr. Crittick. "Make it 30 cents."—Philadelphia Press.

Tricks of the Trade.—"The goods we are putting on the market now," said the manager, "are not as pure as those we have been selling." "They're not!" exclaimed the manufacturer. "No. Competition has been so fierce that we have had to cut the price, and we can't afford to put out the pure article at the present quotations." For a moment the manufacturer was thoughtful. "Well," he said, at last, "have 'Beware of Imitations' printed on the labels in larger and blacker type than ever before."—Chicago Post.

KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

There Is Yet Plenty of Unworked Ground, But No Chance for Small Prospectors.

There has been a general impression that the Alaska boom is at an end; that the production of gold from that region would show a decrease this year; and that two or three more years would see the termination of the Alaskan enterprise. This idea is not borne out by the facts, as gathered by Charles S. McNichols, one of the best known Indian agents of the northwest, says the Chicago Tribune. Says Mr. McNichols in a letter to a friend in his former home in Momence, Kankakee county:

"In a recent trip from the north coast to St. Paul I had as traveling companion a half dozen Alaskan miners of the better class, who were on their way to Chicago and other places where the luxuries of life could be had in exchange for the gold of the frozen north. One of the men with whom I talked the most had spent three years at Nome, working his claims. He hired miners and a cook at five dollars a day and board each. The first year he cleared an average of $60 a day on each man, including the cook. The next year he did slightly better. In the last season his working claims were fairly 'opened up,' and this season each of his employes cleared for him $110 for each working day. His working force numbered about nine. Though the season lasts but 90 days, it will be seen that the miner's profit approximated $100,000."

The returned Alaskans, all of whom had prospered beyond their anticipations, declared that in the whole district from Nome to the straits not ten per cent. of the claims had reached their maximum production, and that in 50 years hence the district would be yielding more of the precious metal than at the present time.

"What show is there for prospectors now?" inquired the Indian agent.

"Little, except in the constantly discovered new regions," replied one of the miners.

"There is plenty of work for sober men who can avoid gambling, and these can save enough money to get a start. A man with a few thousands of dollars and a good degree of business prudence can do well if he is cautious and awaits his chance to purchase a good claim at a reasonable price. Such chances come from the owners of many claims who have one or two opened up and producing. On each of the idle claims he has to do the $100 assessment work each year to hold them. This is just so much time and energy taken from claims already profitably producing, and most men have learned that three or four claims well worked not only yield a comfortable fortune, but will take as much of their lives as they care to spend in the frozen north. For this reason a careful man who takes his time to investigate can secure good undeveloped claims at from $1,000 to $5,000, out of which, by good management, he can clean up from $25,000 to $200,000."

"Not long ago" continued Mr. McNichols, in his letter, "I gathered a totally different but equally interesting phase of Alaskan life in a talk with Rev. Father Van Gorp, now in charge of a mission on the Flathead Indian reservation. For three years past Father Van Gorp has had charge of the six Catholic missions in Alaska, and his headquarters were at Holy Cross mission, 600 miles up the Yukon river. I was particularly interested in what he said of their agricultural experiments.

"Farming or gardening can only be carried on in the higher parts of the Yukon on account of excessive moisture. Even then the tundra, or sod of moss, several inches thick, must be removed by hand and carted away. But at this mission, 600 miles up the Yukon, they had, with the aid of Indian pupils, surfaced about eight acres and grown all their garden stuff for the last year. The yield of the hardier vegetables, like potatoes, turnips, cabbage and most root crops, peas, and even beets, was enormous. Notwithstanding the short summer, the days are so long and so warm that vegetable life grows with inconceivable rapidity."

At Fort Yukon, six miles within the arctic circle, the United States government is conducting agricultural experiments.

Possession.

Possession may be nine points of the law, but self-possession is a law unto itself.—Chicago Daily News.

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

CALL it animal energy, push, ambition, anything you like, but the element that makes the boy move, that makes him do things with a vim, that lends motion to his legs and action to his brain is the element that wins success. It is the boy without this element, whatever it is, that becomes the dullard, the idler, the loafer, the failure.

Two errand boys entered the hall of a Chicago office building together a few days ago. Though it was a six-story building there was but one elevator, and that one was out of order just at the time. Both boys had errands for their employers on upper floors; both looked at the elevator to see if it was running. Finding that it was not running, and that it would not be for probably ten or fifteen minutes, one boy climbed the stairs to complete his errand that he might lose as little time as possible; the other sat down to wait for the completion of the repairs that would enable him to ride to the floor he wanted.

If you wanted an errand boy which of the two would you wish to hire? If both these boys were in your employ and you wished to give one of them a promotion to which one would you give it? To the boy who walked, of course; to the boy who had the animal energy, the ambition, the push or whatever it was that prevented his sitting on the bottom of the stairway and idly waiting for the elevator that he might be saved a few steps.

It takes animal energy, ambition, push to make a climber. IT TAKES A CLIMBER TO WIN SUCCESS. Occasionally we hear of one who is whisked to success on an express elevator. He goes up like a shot while others are toilfully wending their way up the stairs. BUT THE CAR THAT TOOK HIM TO THE TOP WILL BRING HIM BACK QUITE AS RAPIDLY; he has nothing upon which to hold; he is but a victim of circumstances. It is the boy who goes up the stairway, step by step, who puts action and energy into his ascent to the top, WHO WILL STAY THERE WHEN HE GETS THERE.

Wright A. Patterson

THOSE WHO GO TO LAW.

The English Are More Given to Settling Disputes in Court Than Any Other Nationality.

Deep is the confidence of the Briton in the law. It settles his quarrels, and he settles its charges, or as much as he can defray, states a London paper.

A parliamentary return issued recently, and dealing with the judicial work of 1900, shows that during the year mentioned there was, compared with the preceding year, a slight increase in appeals entered and an increase in proceedings begun.

Compared with the average of the preceding four years the total of cases begun and heard shows an increase.

It appears that of all the cases begun considerably less than half come to trial. The total of cases entered in all courts was 1,310,680, and the number heard and determined 429,418. This means that one case was begun for every 25 members of the population, while one for every 75 was heard. Seeing that there are a plaintiff and defendant in each case, it follows that one person out of every 12½ began a legal action and one in every 37 brought an action to trial.

The judicial committee heard 50 appeals from India, 33 from the colonies and 16 from Australia. The average cost of these appeals is estimated at £250 each.

The average cost of an appeal to the house of lords is nearly twice as much, senior counsel in these cases receiving from 50 to 75 guineas a day, and their juniors two-thirds of their fees.

Of 803 cases in the court of appeal no fewer than 122 were cases under the workmen's compensation acts. The average cost to each party of these appeals is put at £50.

It is instructive as to the nature of lawyers charges to know that some bills of costs of appeal before the lords have had as much as 62 per cent. taxed off, and the average reduction by taxation was 29.06. In one case the bill of costs was £2,536, but the hearing extended over 21 days.

The records show that there is no decline in the public liking for trial by jury, and that there is an increasing preference for special juries generally at the request of the defendants.

Of actions entered in London and Middlesex and on circuit, 926 were for personal injuries, 685 for slander, and 103 for breach of promise of marriage.

Limited and other companies are responsible for more litigation than individuals. Of 618 actions in January, 1901, 45 per cent. were by companies.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that divorce and judicial separation cases, while showing a decrease for both countries, are proportionately more numerous in Scotland than England.

For the three years ending 1900 they were, in Scotland, 4.16, 5.18 and 4.52, respectively, for every hundred thousand of the population. In England the corresponding figures were 2.39, 2.29 and 2.17.

THERE IS PROFIT IN WEEDS.

Provided That the Right Varieties Are Cultivated—Some Illustrative Instances.

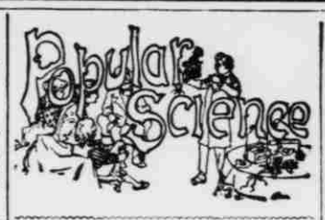
A garden of weeds is not the unprofitable thing usually imagined—that is, if the right sort of weeds are permitted to grow therein. We know of a gardener who actually encourages groundsel, devoting a great piece of ground to its cultivation. Of all weeds this is the gardener's pest, but our present subject has an eye to business, relates London Tit-Bits. His groundsel crop—there are several during the season—is constantly hawked in the streets as food for birds. He declares that there is more money in a field of groundsel than in a field of beans or a cabbage plot. It is said that a certain farmer in the midlands grows the troublesome weed known as lady's mantel by the acre. Horses and sheep are fond of the lady's mantel, but few think to raise crops of it. As a fodder plant it might very profitably be cultivated, growing luxuriantly on any soil and practically taking care of itself until ready for the scythe.

A Yorkshire farmer cultivates the common vetch in great abundance on ground formerly devoted to turnips and oats. Not only is the vetch good food for animals, but it possesses medicinal properties as well. Horses will eat heartily of the cool, succulent herb when everything else is refused. Nettles are greatly in favor among poor people in the north of England during the early spring months. Boiled as spinach they are agreeable and wholesome—a fact which an elderly lady turns to account. One-half of her big garden in Lancashire is overgrown with the weeds, which she sells readily to the cottagers at a penny per big bundle. Common as is the nettle, it is tedious work picking a quantity, but in this garden it grows in such abundance that an armful may be torn up in a few minutes. Gladly then the penny is given to save a morning's tramp over the commons. The same lady grows chickweed, for larks and linnets, easily disposing of it. As it springs up quickly fresh supplies are ever ready.

Another energetic woman cultivates blackberries for the market, and makes them pay, too. The carefully tended berries are far superior in size and flavor to those of the wild variety, the crop is more certain, and there is no expense in their cultivation. She wonders why gardeners do not grow blackberries as a general thing. "They are more profitable than raspberries," she says, "and far more delicious. Everybody likes blackberries, and no matter how heavy the crop they are never left on one's hands. Several persons, acting on my advice, have introduced brambles in their gardens, and express themselves delighted with the results. In a couple of years the berries grow so large that they seem like a distinct species altogether."

The Best Way.

When you can honorably do so the best way to conquer your enemy is to concur with him.—Ram's Horn.



THE NEWEST AIRSHIP.

Two French Inventors Propose to Use the Sun's Rays as Part of the Motive Power.

Two Frenchmen, M. Paul and M. Lebaudy, have an airship which is being built near Nantes, France, and the trials are soon to be carried out above the Seine, so as to avoid accidents. The balloon is 192 feet long and 36 feet in largest diameter, containing 1,250 cubic yards. It is of peculiar shape, being flat on the under side, so that it acts to some extent as an aeroplane. During the trials the car will be provided with a guide rope 160 feet long, which will be attached below to a float in the river, this to be heavy enough to prevent the balloon from rising. As the ascensional force is often very suddenly increased by the sun's rays falling on the balloon, it is designed to prevent a sudden rising due to this cause. It has been found that when the dispersion of a cloud allows the sun's rays to strike the balloon this may increase its temperature as much as 40 degrees C. above the surrounding air. It is estimated that a float weighing half a ton will be sufficient to provide for this emergency. The envelope of the balloon, which weighs 0.6 pound per square yard, or a total of 976 pounds, is formed of a layer of stout cotton cloth pasted on each side of a sheet of light rubber. The outside is coated with a yellow protecting substance, recently discovered, and known as "ballonine." It is found that this increases the tightness and also gives protection from the sun's rays. The fabric thus constituted is very resistant, and a piece a yard wide will stand a test of 3,500 pounds tension. Its impermeability is unusual, as tests show a leakage of hydrogen of but eight cubic inches per square yard in 24 hours, or practically nothing. Below the balloon is suspended a frame 68 feet long, made of steel plates and tubes braced with piano wire. It carries a 45 horse-power gasoline motor, which operates two propellers placed on the right and left of the frame, thrown on by friction clutches. These two propellers answer for the driving as well as the steering.—N. Y. Commercial.

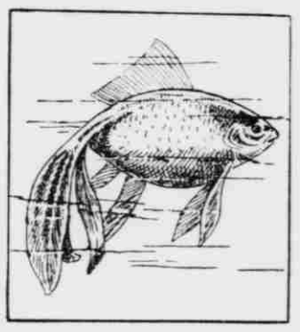
AN ODD-LOOKING FISH.

It Is Called the Chanchito, Is a Thorough Pirate and Has a Tail of Wonderful Length.

From the south of Brazil, where it is known as the chanchito, which means "little pig," comes an odd-looking fish. A few specimens were introduced into Europe a few months ago, and careful study shows that they have a few marked peculiarities.

A thorough little pirate the chanchito is, for it wages incessant war against much larger fish.

When the time comes for spawning it makes holes in the ground, but,



FISH WITH A LONG TAIL.

instead of laying its eggs in these, it lays them in a dark corner. Both parents guard the eggs until the young fish are about to come into the world, and then they carefully remove them to the holes, which are already prepared, and which serve the young ones as nests until they are ready to make their own way in the world.

In an aquarium a chanchito feels quite at home, and few more interesting fish have ever been placed in one.—Detroit Free Press.

The World's Greatest Wonder.

The greatest by far among great geographic features is the Pacific basin. If all the continents and islands forming the face of the earth were joined in one great continent, its extent would scarce equal that of the great ocean, and if the mass of all the lands of the globe above sea level were poured into the Pacific barely more than an eighth of the basin would be filled, states the Geographical Magazine. Three-fourths of our world surface is water; a full third of this vast expanse, or a quarter of the superfices of the planet, is that of the great ocean, while its abysses are of such depth that a full half of the water of the earth is gathered into its basin. In every point the Pacific is vast, so vast as to tax if not to outpass our powers of contemplation.

Ancient Lightning Conductors.

The ancients did not have lightning rods constructed as ours are, but they had lightning conductors, which shows that they knew how to protect themselves from the danger that lies in a thunderstorm. Even so long ago as the tenth century lightning was diverted from fields by planting in them long sticks or poles, on top of which were lance heads. It is said that the Celtic soldiers used to try to make themselves safe from the stroke during a storm by lying on the ground with their naked swords planted point upward beside them.

Grass Is Food and Drink.

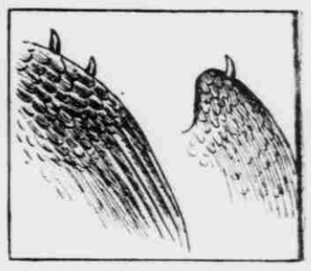
Hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle in the mountains in the Hawaiian islands never take a drink of water. A jointed grass known as maninia is food and drink to them.

SPURS ON ITS WINGS.

The Kamichi, a Native of South America, Is One of the Strangest Birds in the World.

One of the most remarkable curiosities in the world, probably, in the bird line, is the kamichi, the wing of which is armed with spurs. This odd creature is found in Brazil, Guiana and Colombia, and inhabits the deepest forests along the water courses.

This large, black bird is very remarkable for the strength of its voice, which has powerful and peculiar guttural notes. It bears on each wing two powerful spurs, and on its head a pointed horn, three or four inches long. The two spurs on each



SPURS ON BIRD'S WINGS.

wing are directed forward when the wing is folded.

These spurs are the outgrowth of the metacarpal bone, and arise from the anterior part of the two extremities of this bone. The upper spur is the larger and is triangular, about two inches long and slightly curved at the end.

A party of explorers and naturalists captured one recently, which is now in the London zoological garden. It is very tame in its demeanor toward human beings, but puts itself on the defensive as soon as it sees a dog. It knows how to make such good use of its spurs that it can put the enemy to flight by a single stroke. Besides these weapons on its wings the kamichi has a very strong beak and hard and resistant claws.

BUILDING UP NOSES.

Physical Defects Removed Without Leaving a Scar by the Use of Paraffin Wax.

Almost the latest, and to all womankind the most powerful and interesting, of modern forces in surgery is the use of paraffin wax, and with this substance deformities that at one time would have seemed irremediable are removed in a manner that is declared to be simply marvelous.

This use of paraffin wax is no fantastic invention purporting to come from across the Atlantic, it is a sober usage that is coming into vogue with the greatest surgeons of our realm. Suppose that a nose is so badly broken that the joining together of the splinters is an utter impossibility, there is no reason whatever that the nose should be a deformity. All our great surgeons now take a quantity of the melted wax, and this they very carefully inject below the skin tissue of the nose, and as the substance is absorbed and organs to set, they can most carefully model the nose to its original shape, or even to an improved one.

So easy of manipulation is the special paraffin wax in qualified hands—and by the only qualified alone it should be handled—that it is wholly impossible to tell that it has been used. In some cases unsightly hollows in the cheeks, and especially near the eye, have been so filled up that it was impossible to say that they had ever existed, and in one specially-recorded case the whole contour of a woman's face had been altered by the very careful and artful use of the wax. Many of the medical papers lately have been reporting marvelous instances of deformities modelled out of existence by means of this singular new agent.

Mr. Stephen Paget, of the West London hospital, declares that in the case of men and women with badly broken noses the defect can be removed in a few minutes without a scar being left upon the patient and without even the faintest inconvenience being caused to the latter. So new is the remedy that but few, comparatively, have yet received the benefit of it, but those who have would seem to have been vastly pleased at the alteration in their appearance.—London Tit-Bits.

ROYAL COPPER JEWELRY.

That Metal Is Very Popular for Cuff Links, Belt Buckles and Various Other Articles.

Copper is the latest of the common metals to become the object of the jeweler's work. It is the most fashionable as well as the newest of the metals so employed, and all the smartest things in the way of sleeve links, card and cigarette cases, belt buckles, vases and the like show it. It is highly ornamental, so used, and remarkably beautiful, says the Kansas City Times. It holds the same relation to silver and gold as do gun metal, which is essentially steel, and kay kayserzin, which has block tin for its basis.

It is made up in combination with silver, is reddish in hue, highly polished, and it costs just about the same as would a similar article of solid silver. It affords a relief from the somber gun metal and the shiny silver, and some people think it is prettier than either.

Many of the new articles shown this fall are delightfully artistic. Sleeve links of the royal copper with silver rings and silver-imposed heads and the like were much admired. Silver vases with copper holders, and especially silver and copper card and smokers' cases, are among the most in demand. The metal is also used for flasks, brushes, whisks and toilet articles generally. It is scarce at present, but will become more plentiful as the makers are better equipped for turning it out.

One of the Lost Arts.

It is said that the Greeks had a cuirass made of linen or woolen fibers, which was impenetrable to the sharpest darts or spears. That, by the way, is one of the discoveries that have not been rediscovered, for we do not know the secret of its manufacture.

THE HERALD.

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.

It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

positively removes them, has radically and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.

Hood's PILLS are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : : Feb. 12, 1903.

Mr. Beckett, the oil man, is sick at Campton.

J. M. Davis, of Ezel, has nearly completed the Methodist church building at Sandfield.

HEALTH is fully restored by the great alterative and tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you remember the old saying,—health IS WEALTH.

R. L. Bussabarger, minister of the Christian church, will soon start a class in missions.

F. M. Tinder, of Carlisle, will deliver a series of lectures at Pearre Hall, beginning March 10th.

J. L. Dunning, of the firm of Rose & Dunning, is visiting relatives and friends in Indiana.

For Constipation

Take Lyon's Laxative Syrup; an ideal remedy for ladies and children, as it is pleasant to take and perfectly harmless under all circumstances. Price 25c

Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek.
W. W. Swango, Maytown, Ky.

The Campton Oil Co. have the machinery on the ground to bore a well on the S. Cabel place.

Aunt Roslyn Linden was at the point of death when we went to press this (Thursday) morning.

The nearest small-pox infected locality to Hazel Green is the "little village of Campton," 10 miles distant.

That case of Heiskill Salley, reported last week as small-pox, did not materialize. It proved to be something altogether different.

Mrs. E. M. Russell is this week visiting her father, N. B. Graham and family, near Salem, Morgan county, and "Dick" is baching.

At the regular meeting of board of trustees of Hazel Green it was determined to have sidewalks put down on the extension of Broadway.

WANTED—5 YOUNG MEN from Wolfe county at once to prepare for positions in the government service—Railway Mail Clerks, Letter Carriers, Custom House and Department Clerks, etc. Apply to Inter-State Corres. Inst., Cedar Rapids, Ia. 26

Many applications for stock in the Hazel Green Oil and Gas Co. have already come to Secretary Cord. See ad of the company in our paper today.

All of Dr. Center's family, help included, except the doctor, have this week been laid up from vaccination. Clayton says he was confined to his bed for a day.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Mrs. Josie Swango was taken sick on Sunday night with some chronic complaint, and suffered a severe pain in the stomach. But she was up and about Tuesday.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute because it kills the microbe which tickles the mucous membrane, causing the cough, and at the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old.

Married, Wednesday night, at the residence of the bride's father, Wm. Hurst, of Stillwater, Miss Stella Hurst and Cecil Hurt, of Grassy, Rev. Dr. G. M. Center officiating.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

The only positive cure for blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, cuts, burns, bruises, eczema and all abrasions of the skin. DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the pure, unadulterated witch hazel—all others are counterfeits. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is made to cure—counterfeits are made to sell.

Small-pox at Campton.

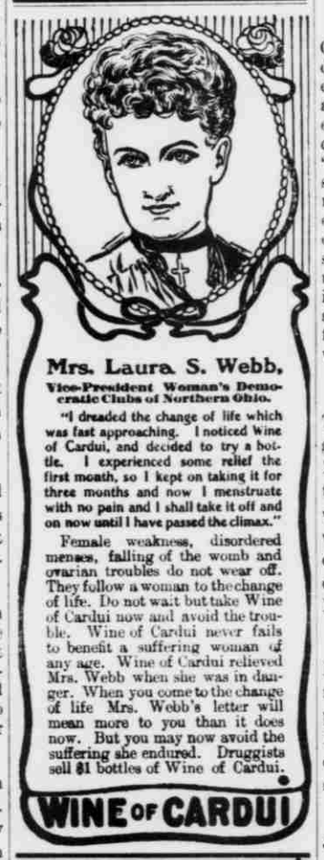
CAMPTON, KY., Feb. 9.

Spencer Cooper, Hazel Green, Ky.

Dear Sir: As there is being a great deal said about small-pox at Campton, and the people of the county are afraid to come here to attend to any kind of business, I thought I would write you the facts concerning the matter. At this time there are 12 patients in the hospital and about 20 in the homes. The most of them are about well, but can not be turned out for a few days. Since the small-pox broke out here about the first of January there have been 34 cases in town and four cases in the country, about two miles from Campton. It seems that we have the disease about controlled, as there have been no cases developed in new families for about 10 days. We expect about 10 more cases, as there are that many who have been exposed. All the houses where the disease is are under strict quarantine—the town is not—and I consider it safe for any one that has business at Campton to come and attend to it. Though, if they are afraid of yellow calico, they would not tarry long in town, as you will see a small yellow flag at about half of the yard gates in town.

We have two good nurses, one lady and one gentleman, at our hospital, and the patients are doing well (most of them able to eat sweet potatoes).

Yours very truly,
J. W. CONGLETON,
(County Judge).



Mrs. Laura S. Webb,
Vice-President Woman's Democratic Clubs of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell $1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

About Our Own People.

From the Jackson News.

Floyd Stidham, of Neola, who has been charged with selling whiskey, was arrested last Friday by U. S. Deputy Marshal Patrick, of Salyersville. He was taken to West Liberty the same day and tried, and held for his appearance at the U. S. court at Frankfort, March 10.

* * *

R. E. Cundiff, of Campton, has accepted the position of storekeeper at Obe Roberts' distillery. Mr. Cundiff is one of the cleverest men in the revenue service.

* * *

Jack Christman, a well-known farmer of near Campton, was tried in the Wolfe county court Tuesday on the charge of lunacy and ordered to the asylum.

* * *

A party of 65 from Montgomery and Wolfe counties left Lexington on Tuesday to seek homes in the Indian Territory.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for burns, bruises, skin eruptions and piles. 25c. at J. T. Day's, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

Master Bruce Pieratt has the thanks of the editor and his better seven-eighths for a nice beef liver, neatly wrapped up and bearing the inscription, "Compliments of Bruce.'

Keep It in Your Home.

And when the bowels fail to act properly, take a dose of LYON'S LAXATIVE SYRUP—It acts gently but effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels; will keep your system in good working order and make your complexion clear.

Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek.
W. W. Swango, Maytown, Ky.

From the Indian Territory.

TUTTLE, IND. TER., Feb. 2.

Editor HERALD, Hazel Green, Ky.

Dear Sir: The last time I wrote you I was serving "Uncle Sam" in the humble capacity of chasing the wily goo-goos of the far away Philippines, but am now the proud possessor of a couple of bronks, and winning laurels in quite a different way. My first initiation on Mr. Bronk was pretty tough, and I landed on my head, but I think that is a thing of the past, for I have learned to steer clear of outlaws.

The line I have to ride is only 20 miles around, and I have three greyhounds that are hard to beat, and so I have a nice chase after coyotes and jackrabbits every day. One of my neighbors killed a large wild cat last week. I went a deer hunting two weeks ago, but didn't find anything. But the first day after I came back I saw five fine deer while riding my line, and, oh, how I wished for my Winchester. But, alas!

The nearest house from my dug-out is 12 miles, and it is graced by full blood Indians—one of whom is my "doll-pig," ha, ha! She has discarded the blanket, though.

When my good old mountain friends read this I wish they'd write me, just any kind of an old letter from the mountains, or give me a picture of "life's other side."

Edgar E. Jones, if you see this you must not forget your sea dog friend. Ed, how would you like to be back at Najaski, Japan. The Olympia theater would suit me O. K. "Let joy be unconfined."

With best wishes for you personally and success to your paper, with a hand-shake around, I am,

Yours truly,
H. H. GISH.

A Weak Stomach

Causes a weak body and invites disease. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures and strengthens the stomach and wards off and overcomes disease. J. B. Taylor, a wealthy merchant of Chriesman, Tex., says: "I could not eat because of a weak stomach. I lost all strength and run down in weight. All that money could do was done, but all hope of recovery vanished. Hearing of some wonderful cures effected by use of Kodol, I concluded to try it. The first bottle benefitted me, and after taking four bottles I am fully restored to my usual strength, weight and health."

John Montgomery and Willam Tackett, of Magoffin county, were guests of George Rice Saturday to Monday morning. The latter came to see his daughter, Miss Genoa, who is a student at the acad-my, while the former was visiting his daughters, Mrs. Rice and Miss Huldah Montgomery, who is of THE HERALD household.

Mrs. Easter Linden, wife of "Big Bill" Linden, at the head of Red river, is dangerously ill with typhoid fever. She is a sister to Mrs. Roslyn Linden, of Gillmore creek, who is dangerously ill of the same disease.

F. M. Long has sold his mill to J. B. Amyx.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.



Send for free sample.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

Scott & Bowne
CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

J. S. Rittenhouse, who recently purchased the Swango spring, with his wife arrived here Saturday, and are domiciled at Uncle Harry Swango's. He will at once begin the erection of a large barn and a small house in which to live while the new hotel is being built. If the weather permits Mr. Rittenhouse hopes to be ready for the reception of guests by the middle of April or first of May, and when he opens up he will set a table second to none in Eastern Kentucky.

Jonas Vansant, of Campton, was here Monday afternoon, and being asked about the small-pox situation at that place, he said: "All who have had it are getting along nicely, but 14 new cases developed Saturday and Sunday."

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"A gravel lodged in my bladder. After using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure I passed a gravel half as large as a marble. The medicine prevented further formations. I was cured.
W. T. OAKES, Orrix, Va."

Druggists, 50c., $1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular, Dr Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

RIDGEWOOD RUMORS.

Rev. James Madden preaches here every second Sunday.

Miss Maud Spradling accompanied her sister, Loulie Russell, as far as Ridgewood Junction.

Sug Townsend went to Torrent Saturday evening. Sug's a hustler, and don't you forget it.

Miss Casey Woolsy, who has been down with typhoid fever, is getting able to sit up once more.

Noble McDonald, of Bowen, who has been here buying locust posts for the past month, has gone home.

There is a Sabbath school at Beech Grove every Sunday at 9 o'clock, and prayer meeting every Thursday night.

A great religious revival has just closed here. Scores of persons claim conversion and have entered upon a higher life.

H. T. will start for the city in a few days to purchase his spring stock of goods. He ought to put an ad in THE HERALD.

Business of all kinds is on a boom here at "Ridgewood," and it will not be long until this will be the most business place in this county.

T. K. Tutt and Thomas Murphy visited the family of H. Amburgy Sunday evening and promised that they would go back by the 15th of next month, as it is his time to hive his bees.

There is a great deal of sickness in and around this place. Mrs. J. B. Staggs is very sick, but we hope it will not be long till she will be able to mix and mingle with the people again.

Died, Jan. 21st, at her home near here, Mrs. Lucinda Townsend, wife of Weeden Townsend, after giving birth to twin girls. Mrs. Townsend was a noble woman and beloved by all who knew her.

Master Goebel Estey challenges the world on being the best Democrat and most famous dancer. He is only three years old. He is the son of James Estey, and has been taking lessons under dancing Gord Wells, and we acknowledge that he is hard to beat.

Mrs. M. Styles, who has been visiting relatives in Ohio for the past three weeks, returned home Jan. 31st, and her many friends are glad to have her among them again. Mr. Styles met his better-half at Lexington, and he has been all smiles since her return.

Feb. 2. T. K. TUTT.

The Easy Pill.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers do not gripe nor weaken the system. They cure biliousness, jaundice, constipation and inactive livers, by arousing the secretions, moving the bowels gently, yet effectually, and giving such tone and strength to the glands of the stomach, liver and bowels that the cause of the trouble is removed entirely. These famous little pills exert a decided tonic effect upon the organs involved, and if their use is continued for a few days there will be no return of the trouble.

Rev. Mr. Bussabarger, the new pastor of the Christian church, will on Sunday night preach upon the subject, "The Mountains of the Bible," and extends to every citizen a cordial invitation to be one of his congregation on that occasion.



The greatest nation in the world is the greatest consumer of coffee.

Lion Coffee

is the standard beverage of every state and territory of the Union. It's pure—that's why.

Always in 1 lb. air-tight, sealed packages, insuring freshness and uniform quality.

MORGAN COUNTY NEWS.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Miss Maggie Childers is on the sick list.

Miss Artie Dye, of Ezel, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Lee Hall, of our town, is very ill at this writing.

Protracted meeting began at the Ward schoolhouse Friday night.

Asa Nickell and wife, of Jericho, are visiting relatives at this place.

Bill Childers and Estill Clark made a flying trip to Ezel Sunday.

G. Wilson purchased of Mrs. H. L. Center, on Saturday, a fine cow at $30.

Silas Pieratt, who has been very sick for sometime, is slowly improving.

J. Dennis, of Harrison county, is visiting friends and relatives in this county.

John Oaks, of Breathitt county, is visiting his sister, Mrs. H. L. Center, of our town.

Miss Stella Manker has been very ill for the past few days, but is some better at this writing.

A number of young folks had quite an enjoyable time at Miss Lizzie Pieratt's Sunday evening. Those present were Misses Nannie Day, Maud Neff, Jennie Pieratt, Jennie Ingram; John Oaks, of Breathitt, and Morton and George Center.

Died, Wednesday, Feb. 4th, Dr. H. L. Center, of consumption. He had been a resident of our town only a few months, but made quite a number of friends and acquaintances, who join his family and relatives in their sad bereavement. He was buried Feb. 6th at Bethel.

Feb. 2. LUNETTE.

Our Clubbing List.

For the next 30 days we will club THE HERALD and the following papers at the price named. For instance, THE HERALD and—

NEW YORK WORLD, Thrice-a-week, 6 pages, :	$1.50
COURIER JOURNAL, Weekly, 8 to 10 pages, :	1.25
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, Weekly, 8 to 10 pages, :	1.35
TOLEDO BLADE, (Rep.) Weekly, 8 pages, : :	1.00
SUNNY SOUTH, Literary, 10 pages choice stories, &c.,	1.00
GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, (Rep) Twice-a-Week, 8 pages, :	1.25
ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC, (Dem) Twice-a-Week, 8 p.	1.25
BRYAN'S COMMONER, W. J. Bryan's 8 p. weekly,	1.25

☞ Any paper published in the United States will be furnished to our subscribers at less than publishers' rates. And now is the time to subscribe.

Mysterious Circumstance.

One was pale and sallow and the other fresh and rosy. Whence the difference? She who is blushing with health uses Dr. King's New Life Pills to maintain it. By gently arousing the lazy organs they compel good digestion and head off constipation. Try them. Only 25c. at J. T. Day's, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

HAZEL GREEN POLICE COURT.

H. F. PIERATT, Judge.
J. M. NICKELL, Marshall.
W. N. NICKELL, Deputy Marshall.

BOARD OF TUSTEES.

W. O. MIZE, Chairman.
W. H. CORD,
JOHN D. DAVIS.
JOHN M. ROSE.
JOHN H. ROSE.

Reward! Reward!

REWARD!

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS.

WE WILL KINDLY ASK ONE and all who pays us cash or other pay to call for coupon ticket and receive premiums from our large assortment of

DECORATED QUEENSWARE

gotten up especially for the holiday trade. Come at once. First come, first served. Also those "back number" or unthankful fellows are invited, and will save us hunting them up, as this is one time we are going after one and all who does not respond and pay for past favors.

Respectfully, &c.,
W. W. SWANGO & CO.
Maytown Ky., Nov. 14.

GREAT OVERCOAT SALE



Owing to the...
Continued Warm Weather
—We are—
BADLY OVERSTOCKED
—IN—

OVERCOATS

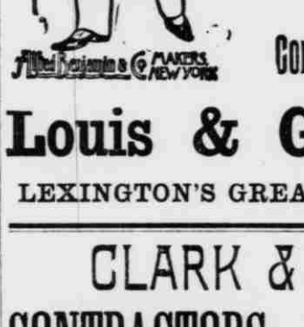
THOUSANDS
Of Overcoats
—FOR—
MEN AND BOYS
AT COST
—AND—
Regardless of Cost!

Come Early and Get Bargains.

Louis & Gus Straus,
LEXINGTON'S GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE.

CLARK & HOWARD,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,
206-208 E. Main, : : LEXINGTON, KY.

Honest material, master mechanics and conscientious calculations are their stock in trade. Hence it is that satisfaction is guaranteed.



Strength In It!

There's health and strength in a bottle of pure Beer. And Lexington brew has purity and quality. Barley in it for food. Hops for tonic. And just enough alcohol to aid digestion. Essential to the weak, healthful for anybody. A standard, high grade beer. Unsurpassed for table use and medicinal purposes. The beer that nourishes, cheers and invigorates.

LEXINGTON . BREWING . COMPANY.

W. R. CRAWFORD & CO.,
Live Stock Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Cattle, Hogs & Sheep,
Cincinnati Union Stock Yards, CINCINNATI, O.,
—ALSO—
Central Stock Yards, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We have an Eastern outlet for all desirable stock at highest prices. Consignment solicited. All correspondence cheerfully answered.

CECIL BROS.,
Staple and Fancy Grocers,

Have in Stock and Sell Low for CASH the following goods:

APPLE BUTTER, 15c. quart jar.
JELLIES, all kinds, 3 glasses 25c.
PEACH LEAF LARD, 15c per pound.
SUGAR, 5½c to 6½c per pound.
CADOVA COFFEE, best in town, 12½c.
BONNIE ROLLED OATS, 10c package.
SWEET POTATOES, canned, 15c, 2 for 25c.
KRAUT, 3-pound can, 10c.
CORN, 10c per can.
PEAS, 2 cans 25c.

☞ HARNESS, BRIDLES, GRANITE WARE, &c., &c. Everything first-class and fresh, and YOU SAVE MONEY on everything you buy of us.

TREES! TREES! TREES!

BY THE MILLION.

Fruit and Ornamental, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, Shrubs and everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We employ no agents, but sell direct.

Catalogue on application.

Both phones

H. F. HILLENMEYER,
LEXINGTON KY.

WANTED—Say 5,000 acres COKING COAL LANDS, conveniently located for transportation to Columbus, Ohio. State rock bottom cash price and description in detail. Lock Box 751, Columbus, Ohio. 5-16

Deweese Wilgus,
Practical Bricklayer,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

HAS had Thirty Years' experience and is prepared to lay brick in walls, build flues and chimneys, set grates, &c. In fact he can do anything in that line that can be done with brick mortar and trowel. ☞ Smoky chimneys repaired and guaranteed to draw.

TONSORIAL PARLORS
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

GEORGE DYER, Proprietor.

SHAVING, HAIR-CUTTING and all other branches of the tonsorial art in the latest style. Clean towels and sharp razors only in use for customers.